A LETTER SENT BY SIR IOHN SVCKLING FROM *France*, deploring his sad Estate and flight: With a discoverie of the plot and conspiracie, intended By him and his adherents against England.

Imprinted at London. 1641.

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LETTER SENT

BY

SIR IOHN SVCK-
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[illegible], deploring his ſad

Eſtate and Night:

VVith a diſcoverie of the plot

and conſpiracie, intended

By him and his adherents

againſt England.

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A Letter sent by Sir John Suckling from Scotts

Deploring his sad
Estate and flight,
With a discoverie of the plot
and conspiracie, intended
by him and his adherents
against England.

1 GOe, dolefull sheete to everie street
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'em all thy masters fall,
That lived bravely mongst us all;

2 Sir John in fight as brave a wight,
As the Knight of the Sun-a,
Is forced to go away with woe
And from his countrie run-a,

3 Vnhappy stars to breed such jarres,
That England's chief Sucklinge,
Should part so fast, the scorne of fate,
And fortunes unlucklinge,

4 But ye may see inconstancie
In all things under heaven-a,
When God withdraws his gracious lawes,
We run at sixe and sevens-a,

5 Alas, alas, how things do passe,

What

What boote a handsome face,
A pretty Wit, and Courtly grace,
Not gaiond well with a grace-a?

6 I that in court have made such sport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and small
The Maides of honour round-a?

7 I that did play both night and day
And revell'd here and there-a,
Had change of suits, made layes to lutes
And blusterd every where-a?

8 I that could write and well indite
As 'tis to Ladies known-a,
And bore the praise for songs and playes
Far more then were mine owne-a?

9 I that did lend and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse-a,
And gave the King a wondrous thing,
At once a hundred horse-a?

10 Blest providence that kept my sense
So well, that I fond elfe-a,
Should chance to hit to have the wit,
To keepe one for my selfe-a?

11 I that marcht forth, into the North,
And went up hills a main-a,
With sword and lance like King of France,
And so came downe againe-a?

12 I that have done such things, the Sun
And Moone did never see-a,
Yet now poore John a none, upon

The

The fates, is faine to flee a-

13 And for the brave Infidel to have
In all I wore or eate-a

Accurſed chance to ſpoyle the dance
I ſcarce have cloathes or meate-a

13 Could not the plot, By which I got
Such credit in the play-a

Aglaura bright mad Perſian wight
My roving fancie ſtay-a

15 But I muſt flie at things ſo high
Above me not allow'd-a?

And I Sir John, like Ixion
For Juno kiſſe a cloud-a?

16 Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it
Out of a Comedie-a?

There was an omen in the women
(I feare of Tragedie-a

17 Which is at laſt upon me caſt
And I proclaim'd a ſott-a

For thinking to with Engliſh dot
As with a Perſian plot-a

18 But now I finde with griefe of minde
What will not me availe-a

That plots in ieſt are ever beſt
When plots in earneſt faile-a

19 Why could not I in time eſpie
My errour; but whats worſe-a

Vnhappy Vermin muſt bring in *Iervis*
The maſter of the horſe-a

20 The valiant *Parſis* God hath ſent

Vpon

Vpon his noble soule a
Though hee be wise by my advice
Was in the plot and fight and
21 The wittie poet (Let all know it)
Davenant by name a,
In this designe, that I can mine,
I utterlie disdaine a,
22 Though he can write, he cannot fight,
And bravely take a foe a,
Nor can he smell a project well,
His nose, it is so short a.
23 Tis true wee met, in councill set,
And plotted here in prose a,
And what he wanted, it is granted,
Abridge made of his nose a,
24 But to impart it to his art,
Wee had made speech a-foote a,
No, for the plot, that we had got,
One Poet was enough a,
25 Which had not fate and prying hate
Crusht in the very womb a,
We had ere long by power strong,
Made England thus a tombe a.
26 Oh what a fright had bred that night,
When Ireland, Scotland, France a,
Within the wall of London all
In severall troopes should prance a.
27 When men quartred, woman slaughtred
In heapes on stable where a,
So thick should lie, the enemie
The very sight should scare a,

Vpon

as That

28 That they almost of that they made
A streame of blood so high as
For safety fled Should mount the dead
And runne betwen grin[illegible]

29 The scarlet gowne and belt th[illegible]
Each other would bewaile
That their shun pure but brought this curse
That did so much prevaile

30 Each [illegible] in his owne chained
Being hang'd up like a dog
And all the city without pitty
Made but one bloody bog

31 The Irish Kerne in battell fierce
For all their faults so fouls
Pride, use, ill gaine and want of braine,
Teaching them how to [illegible]

32 No longer then the fine wenches
The Bobs would praise and kisse
The wanton Dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter then this

33 But too too late [illegible]
And misery deplores
By the French [illegible]
Worse then they [illegible]

34 Infants unborne [illegible]
By being [illegible]
Which they [illegible]
To have [illegible]

35 The precise [illegible]
Full lowe we cast their [illegible]
And all that thinke [illegible]

We